

IRISH & SCOTCH MIXED



IRISH-AND SCOTCH MIXED



AN IRISH BULL
COMPILED
BY
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Irish and Scotch

MIXED

IRISH - AMERICAN humor dates from the coming of the first Irishman to America. He was one of the crew of Columbus, and his name was Maguire. When Sangrado led his unfortunate expedition from Guanahani to Porto Rico, a year later, Maguire did not go with him. The few survivors returned, after weeks of misery, hunger and untold horrors, and the leader said that he "would have died of starvation had it not been for my friends." — "Yes," said Senor Maguire, "I'm one of the friends that wasn't there. If I had been, I should not be here now." That is the first cannibal joke on record.

OUT of the myriad so called Irish stories there are a few good enough to be repeated, even at the risk of infringing on the rights of the chestnut dealer.

A very characteristic one is that of the Irish laborer, in a crowded inn, who was requested to share his bed with a local Judge. He obligingly consented; but his new roommate was none too well pleased, and took pains to remark, as he was turning in:

IRISH AND SCOTCH

“Pat, you would be a long time in the old country before you’d find yourself sleeping with a Judge.”

“Faith, that’s throe enough,” was the prompt response; “but you’d be a long time in the old counthry before you’d be a Judge.”

HOW long it requires an Irishman to become an American is another story. The federal statutes, of course, have their own crude opinions on the subject; but those authorities are apt to be influenced by prosaic fact rather than by divine instinct.

It is told of two steerage passengers whose steamer entered New York on the morning of the glorious Fourth, that one of them, an Englishman, listened a few minutes to the tremendous cannonade and cracker firing that ushered in the dawn of Freedom. At last he turned to his companion and wondered what was the meaning of all the “blooming row.”

The other smiled scornfully. “Arrah, g’wan, you foreigner! This is the day we bate yees!”

MICHAEL MACDONAGH says that Ireland’s bulls are still as numerous as her snakes are not. He tells about a hairdresser in Kingstown.

As I was leaving, the man tried to induce me to buy a bottle of hair-wash. “What sort of stuff is it?” I asked. “Oh, it’s grand stuff,” he replied. “It’s a sort of multum in parvo — the less you take of it, the better.”

IRISH AND SCOTCH

A few days later, he was walking with a friend over the Wicklow Mountains, where they met a "character."

"Well, Mick," said my friend, "I've heard some queer stories about your doings lately." "Och, don't believe thim, surr," replied Mick. "Sure, half the lies tould about me by the naybours isn't true."

The following notice Mr. Macdonagh saw posted in a pleasure-boat on the Suir:

"The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."

And this he clipped from a Kingstown newspaper:

"James O'Mahony, Wine and Spirit Merchant, Kingstown, has still on his hands a small quantity of the whiskey which was drunk by the Duke of York while in Dublin."

S^{ir}IR RICHARD STEELE, that famous Irish knight of cleverness and wit, once invited an English nobleman to visit him by saying, "If, sir, you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there!"

It was this same Sir Richard that, on being asked why his countrymen made so many bulls, replied, "I cannot tell if it is not the effect of climate. I fancy if an Englishman was born in Ireland, he would make as many."

An Irishman who married at nineteen repented of his choice and swore that he would not get married so young again if he lived to be as old as Methuselah.

On examining an invoice of goods, a merchant found

IRISH AND SCOTCH

everything correct except one hammer, which was missing. "Oh, don't be unaisy, sir," cried the Irish assistant. "Sure I must have taken it out to open the hogshead!"

"Whiniver any one's asked me what counthry I loike best, I've always tould him Oirland," said a sturdy laborer. "But," he added, "no one's iver asked me yit."

The Irish porter of a Dublin grocer was accused of stealing chocolate. In court his master charged him with selling it, thus wounding his pride. "Indade, sir," he said, "do you think I'd have sold it?" — "Then what did you do with it?" was asked. "Since you must know, I took it home, and me an' my ould 'oman made tay of it."

A salesman in the old country recommended a certain rich material by saying, "Madam, it will wear forever and make a petticoat afterward."

Two members of the bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarreled and came to blows. Doyle knocked Yelverton down twice and exclaimed, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" At this, the other rose, screaming, "No, sir, never! I defy you, I defy you! You could not do it!"

THE autobiography of an Irishman contains the surprising assertion that he "ran away early in life from his father, on discovering he was only his uncle."

An Irish lad, complaining of the harsh behavior of his father, declared that he treated him "as if he was his son by another father and mother."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

An apprentice sailor boy fell from the round top to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The Captain exclaimed in surprise, "Why, where did you come from?"—"From the north of Ireland, yer honor," was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

An Irish peasant was floundering through a bog on a small ragged pony. In its efforts to push on, the animal got one of its feet entangled in the stirrup. "Arrah, my boy!" exclaimed the rider. "If you are going to get up, it's time for me to get down."

A left-handed maid servant, with the habit of her peculiarity, reversed the order of the knives and forks on the dinner table. Her master, observing the mistake, reproved her. "Ah, true indeed, sir," said she, "and now would you be pleased to help me turn the table?"

A SAILOR, who had taken a dislike to a ship, when he was told that he might safely trust himself to her and that she was finely copper fastened, answered, "Thank 'ee, sir, I would not sail in her if she was coppered with gold."

"Oyez! Oyez!" exclaimed a bell ringer in Cork. "Lost somewhere between twelve o'clock and McKinney's store on Market Street, a large brass key. I'll not be after tellin' yez what it is; but it's the key of the bank, sure."

The following notice was found on an Irish church door: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who

IRISH AND SCOTCH

wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

Another similar specimen is: "Notice! The churchwardens will hold their quarterly meetings once in six weeks, instead of half-yearly as formerly."

A "to let" sign once bore the additional information that "This house is to be let forever; or longer if required."

An impoverished Irishman offered his only old saucepan for sale. His children, gathering round him, inquired why he disposed of this useful article. "Ah, my honeys," said he, "sure I wouldn't be afther partin' wid it if it wasn't to get some money to buy somethin' to put in it."

One of Dryden's plays was condemned by the severity of the Duke of Buckingham's witticism on the line, "My wound is great because it is so small," to which the Duke dryly replied, "Then 'twould be greater were it none at all."

A beggar woman, soliciting charity, declared she was the mother of six small children and a sick husband.

Molly, a maid of all work, once related to her Irish mistress a marvelous dream she had. "Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed her listener, "you must have been asleep when you dreamed such nonsense."—"Indeed, I was not then!" replied the indignant Molly. "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute!"

IRISH AND SCOTCH

PHYSICIANS in the old country sometimes administered fearful doses of medicines. Witness the effect on the Irishman that said he took so many drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

A medical student who was asked what progress he had made in his profession, replied, "I hope soon to be qualified to be a physician; for I think I am now able to cure a child."

A miller, who found that a rival in trade was about to set up a windmill beside his, tried to dissuade him by the remark, "You see, there is not wind enough to move one windmill, let alone two."

"I will make her," said the Irish baronet of his intended wife, "Lady O'Trigger, and a good husband into the bargain."

It was Sir Boyle Roche, famed for his frequent use of bulls, who once declared, "Mr. Speaker, I do not see why we should put ourselves out of the way for posterity. What has posterity done for us?"

On another occasion, he said, "I am willing to give up not a part, but the whole, of the Constitution, to preserve the remainder."

An Irish litterateur, upon eating an apple pie flavored with a few green gooseberries, exclaimed, with gusto, "Ah, what a darling of an apple pie it would be if it was all made of green gooscherries!"

IRISH AND SCOTCH

A PROUD maternal heart declared that there was never such another as her son Bill, who had made two chairs and a fiddle out of his own head and had wood enough left to make one more.

"I will never spake to you more!" declared a lover furiously. "Kape your spake to yourself then!" retorted the girl. "I am sure I can live without either it or your company." — "I am sure so can I then!" came the surprising answer.

An Irish carpenter sent in a bill for "hanging two barn-doors and himself, seven hours, two dollars and a half."

A young woman admitted that she liked her lover very much, but said she was the darling of a widowed mother whose kindness could not be equaled. "Marry me," begged the enthusiastic lover, "and see if I don't beat your mother!"

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a son of Erin, "I met Michael Connolly. 'Connolly,' says I, 'how are you?' — 'Pretty well, thank you, Keefe,' says he. 'Keefe!' says I, 'that's not my name!' — 'Faith,' says he, 'and mine's not Connolly!' With that we looked again at aich other, and sure enough it was nayther of us."

An Irish paper told of a poor deaf man named Gaff, who was killed by being run over by a locomotive. "And he received a similar injury this time last year," added the paper.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

A HIBERNIAN paterfamilias remonstrated to his wife against the noise of the children, and expressed his wish that they should be kept in the nursery while he was at home. He added, considerately, "I would not object to their noise if they would only keep quiet."

Kelly, a stage manager in Sheridan's time at Drury Lane, once fell through a trap door and broke his leg. When picked up, he remarked that it was well he had not been killed; for Sheridan would then have had to keep him for life.

According to Samuel Lover, the Irish poet, the date for the celebration of Saint Patrick's Day was once a mooted question. Some authorities declared that the Saint was born on the eighth of March, while others insisted that his birthday came on the ninth. It was Father Mulcahy who finally struck the happy thought of putting these two dates together, thus setting the seventeenth for the day of celebration, and it was the same witty priest who is credited by the poet with: "No one could have two birthdays, but twins."

An Englishman was writing a letter in a coffee house, and perceiving that an Irishman, stationed behind him, was reading over his shoulder, saw fit to reprove the Hibernian. He concluded writing his letter in these words, "I would say more; but a damned tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

EVERY CLOUD HAS ITS SILVER LINING

ONE afternoon Mrs. Murphy appeared at the settlement house, all dressed up in her best bonnet and shawl. A huge black and blue spot disfigured one side of her face, however, and one eye was nearly closed. "Why, Mrs. Murphy, what is the matter?" cried one of the teachers; and then, realizing that she might have asked a tactless question, she hastily turned it off, by saying: "Well, cheer up, you might be worse off." "Sure an' I might," responded the indignant Mrs. Murphy. "I might not be married at all!"

NO CHANGE COMING TO HIM

MR. LAVERTY had his first day off in seven years recently and decided to take advantage of it by moving in "high society." He had little time to mingle with the élite in those years; hence also the pride and glory of his new suit when he strolled into Green's hotel that morning.

A neighbor at the bar ordered a cocktail, and Mr. Laverty when asked his pleasure by the white-coated gentleman behind the bar merely nodded his head toward his neighbor's glass and said: "Give me one av thim."

As the drink was in course of preparation he laid a silver quarter on the bar and stood ready for the beverage. As the barkeeper set down the drink he swept Mr. Laverty's

IRISH AND SCOTCH

quarter up with the other hand and put it in the register. Mr. Laverty drank his "one av thim" and stood patiently at the bar fully twenty minutes before the barkeeper took further notice of him; but when asked if he wanted another Mr. Laverty shook his head.

"Are you waiting for anything?" the barkeeper asked him some ten minutes later.

"I am that," answered Mr. Laverty, "I'm waiting for me change."

"You have no change coming," answered the barkeeper, striving to suppress a smile, "mixed drinks are all twenty-five cents here."

"I wonder how he knowed I was a Mick," said Laverty, as he left the bar.

"Mick's drinks a quarter; be golly I wish I was Dutch."

HIS ADVANTAGE

TWO Irishmen were digging a sewer. One of them was a big, strong man about six feet four inches in height, and the other one was a little puny man about four feet six inches. The foreman came along to see how the work was progressing, and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other. "Look here," he cried, "how is it that little Dennis Dugan, who is only half your size, is doing nearly twice as much work as you, Patrick?" Glancing down to his partner, Pat replied, "And why shouldn't he? Ain't he nearer to it?"

IRISH AND SCOTCH

FORGIVING?

O'REILLY was a henpecked husband, unforgiving even when Mrs. O'Reilly had been called to the "great beyond." He refused to have anything to do with the funeral or go to the cemetery. All of the arrangements were looked after by neighbors. When they had straightened up the house, they got O'Reilly to consent to come in and look over the floral offerings of the friends. Then they asked him if there was anything further they could do before they took their leave. Still regarding the floral pieces, O'Reilly nodded and observed:

"If yez don't moind, yez moight close thim 'Gates Ajar.'"

WHEN FINNEGAN DIED

TWO Irishmen were in a city bank recently waiting their turn at the cashier's window.

"This reminds me of Finnegan," remarked one.

"What about Finnegan?" inquired the other.

"'Tis a story that Finnegan died, and when he greeted St. Peter he said: 'It's a fine job you have here for a long time.' 'Well, Finnegan,' said St. Peter, 'here we count a million years as a minute, and a million dollars as a cent.' 'Ah,' said Finnegan, 'I'm needing cash. Lend me a cent.' 'Sure,' said St. Peter, 'just wait a minute.'"

IRISH AND SCOTCH

GOOD TIMES

TWO Irishmen were comparing notes about politics, jobs, hard times, and the like, when Pat O'Rourke, a third one, joined in the discussion.

"Sure and I'm satisfied with things," said Pat. "I've a pache of a job."

"Is that so?" said the others. "And what might ye be doin'?"

"I'm pulling down the Episcopal church," replied Pat, "and I'm gettin' paid for it."

VERY EASY

TWO Irishmen were among a class that was being drilled in marching tactics. One was new at the business, and, turning to his companion, asked him the meaning of the command "Halt!" "Why," said Mike, "when he says 'Halt,' you just bring the foot that's on the ground to the side av the foot that's in the air, an' remain motionless."

GREAT EYESIGHT

AN Irishman was one day observing to a friend that he had an excellent telescope.

"Do you see yonder church?" said he. "Although Oi can hardly see it with me naked eye, whin Oi look at it through my telescope, it brings it so close Oi kin hear th' organ playin'."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

ONLY A FEW

PAT, who had been in this country for some time, was showing Mike, who had just landed, over the town, when they came to an Italian fruit stand, the front of which was covered with a big display of grape fruit. "Be Gorra," says Mike, "thim's the biggest oranges I ever saw!" "That's what," responded Pat. Then, as he walked away cogitating, Mike said: "It wouldn't take many of thim to make a dozen."

ECONOMY

ONE cold winter day some railroad officials, while making an inspection of a large yard, stepped for a moment inside a switchman's shanty to get warm. Among them was a general superintendent who was known to have a mania for "scientific management" and the reduction of expenses. As they were leaving, the switchman asked the traveling yardmaster, whom he knew:

"Now, can ye tellin' me who thot mon is?"

"That's the general superintendent," the yardmaster replied.

"What do you think o' thot? He's a foine-lookin' mon, and ye never would believe the tales ye are after hearin' about 'im."

"What have you heard about him, Mike?" was the curious question.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

“Why, they do say that he was at the funeral of Mr. Mitchell’s woife, and when the six pall-bearers come out he raised his hand and said: ‘Hold on a minute, boys. I think yez can get along without two of thim.’”

WILLING

A WOMAN advertised for a wet nurse. The next day, in answer to the “ad,” a demure Irish girl came to the house.

After the girl explained that she had come after the position, the woman asked:

“How old are you?”

“Seventeen.”

“Have you ever had any children?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Then I’m afraid that you aren’t quite qualified for the position. I wanted a wet nurse.”

“Well,” answered the girl, “I’m very willing to learn.”

HOW

PAT was one day boasting about his horsemanship, and to let his mates see how good he was at it he got on the back of an old nag. The horse began to kick and fling, and Pat was nearly thrown off, when a friend shouted out:

“Pat, can you not get off?”

To which Pat replied excitedly: “How can a man get off when he can’t stay on?”

IRISH AND SCOTCH

THE BEST MAN

PAT was invited to a wedding. He arrived at the house faultlessly attired in full evening dress, a huge white chrysanthemum adorning his buttonhole. He was shown upstairs to the gentlemen's dressing-room.

Suddenly, the assembled guests below were startled by a great commotion above. They rushed into the hall just in time to see Pat come tumbling head first down the stairs, completely disheveled.

"Why, Pat, what is the matter?" exclaimed the amazed host.

"Shure and I wint upstairs," answered Pat, "and whin I wint inter the room I seed a swell young dandy wid a white carnationarymum in his buttonhole an' kid gloves on his hands, an' I sez to him, 'Who're you?'"

"'Shure,' he sez, 'an' I'm the best man!'—and be-gorry, he *is*!"

A SPRINGER

"**H**AVE you any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"And phwat's ancistors?"

"Why, people you sphrung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly, impressively. "Oi come from the rale sthock av Donahues that sphring from nobody. They sphring *at* thim."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

ANTICIPATION

AN Irish country doctor had an interview with a circus performer. He was anxious to know something of the man's business, and the explanation, consisting of tumbling and various gyrations, was proceeding when an old lady came in to ask for some medical advice. She stood in breathless awe at the man's antics, and when the doctor turned to ask what he might do for her, she pleaded:

"Shure, docthor, don't examine me loike that, for Oi couldn't do it at all at all."

A PUZZLE

AN Irishman was watching a chemist analyze some water one day.

"What are you doing with that water?" he asked.

"Analyzing it," replied the chemist.

"And what's that?" persisted the Irishman.

"Finding out what it is composed of," explained the expert.

"And what is it composed of?" queried the observer from Erin.

"Two-thirds hydrogen and one-third oxygen," said the chemist.

The Irishman looked in surprise at the chemist and exclaimed:

"What th' divil, ain't there no water in it?"

IRISH AND SCOTCH

HIS HEART WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE

AN Irishman applying for a pension at Washington insisted upon the justice of his claim owing to the fact that he had been wounded while in the service of his country.

"How and where were you wounded?" one of the committee inquired.

Placing his hand over his heart he said: "I was shot in the br-reast on a retrate from Bull Run, yer Honor."

"Shot through the breast on a retreat?" said the committeeman. "How could you be shot through the breast on a retreat?"

"I had the indiscretion to tur-rn and look back, yer Honor."

"But if you were shot through the breast in the place you indicate the ball would have gone through your heart. How is that?"

"Me heart was in me mouth at the time, yer Honor."

TRUTHFUL

BEDTIME. — Mrs. Casey (sitting up in bed) — "Moike, did yez put out the cat?"

Mr. Casey — "Oi did."

Mrs. Casey — "Oi don't belave it!"

Mr. Casey — "Well, if yez think Oi'm a liar, get up and put 'er out yerself."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

DIED PROPERLY

A CLERGYMAN, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar.

The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of whiskey bottles and as he lifted each one looked through it at the sun.

The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him, and said: "They are all dead ones, Pat."

"They are," said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it; they all had the minister with them when they were dying."

WITHERING SARCASM

"WHERE do you deposit your wages, Mr. Leahy, if you've no objection to telling me?" she asked. "I am trying to interest the neighborhood in the excellent People's Bank, lately started."

"Sure, I'd as soon tell you as not," said Mr. Leahy, cheerfully. "'Tis tin dollars a week I earn. Whin I've paid the rint, the provision and grocery bills, an' the milkman, an' bought what's needed for Celia an' me an' the five children, I deposit the rist o' the money in barr'ls, ma'am."

"I uses sugar barr'ls, mostly. They're a bit larger, and so holds more. But whin I can't git thim I makes shift wid plain flour barr'ls."

DON'T BLAME HIM

MAX and Pat were sitting opposite each other in a restaurant. Both were strangers.

Pat took a big spoonful of horseradish, thinking it was whipped cream, and the hot stuff made the tears roll down his cheeks.

Max looked up, in surprise, to see Pat crying, and said: "What is the matter, my dear friend? Why are you crying?"

"Well, you see," replied Pat, "they just buried my father this morning and my heart is broken."

"That's too bad."

"Won't you have some of this nice whipped cream?" asked Pat, passing the horseradish.

"Sure, I will," said Max, and he took a big spoonful, which made him cry even more than Pat had.

"What are you crying for?" asked Pat.

"Because they didn't bury you instead of your father."

HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND

PAT had been seized with violent pains and was hurried to a hospital. The physician in charge, after diagnosis, informed him that he had appendicitis, and that an operation was necessary as his appendix must be removed immediately.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

Pat had not the least idea of what an appendix was, and so informed the physician, who laughingly told him that after the operation he would leave the appendix in the window so he could see it when he was able to sit up.

Some days after the operation Pat's curiosity got the better of him, and he raised up in bed to take a look at his appendix. To his amazement a monkey was sitting on the window-sill, and when he saw Pat he began to make faces and chatter at a great rate.

The astonished Irishman gave the monkey a long, hard look, and then exclaimed: "Don't do that, me boy, don't do that. Can't you see your mother is a very sick man?"

A NEAR TREAT

DENNIS was doing his best to speak respectfully of the dead.

"Yes," he said, "Mike was a foine mon. Honest, straightforward, hard-workin', ginerous ——"

"Ginerous?" questioned Barney rather doubtfully. "Did ye ever know of his treatin' any one in all his loife?"

"Well, he nearly treated once."

"Nearly treated?"

"Yis. I remember once he dhropped into Cassidy's when th' boys were all there. 'Well, lads,' he sez, 'what'll we have?' — wid a wave of his hand toward the bar. 'What'll we have? — rain or snow?'"

IRISH AND SCOTCH

THE BOSS

ON one of the Atlantic Ave. docks is a man who for years was employed to do odd jobs. Recently he was promoted to be boss of the laborers, for long and faithful service. The following morning the new boss was on the job and calling the laborers together informed them that he was the boss, and what he said was law.

“And I want to tell you men,” he continued, “that I can lick any man in this gang.” A giant-like form stepped to one side and remarked to the new boss:

“You can’t lick me!”

“That will be all from you,” said the new boss; “go up to the office and get your envelope. I won’t have a man on this job that I can’t lick!”

A GOOD TASK

A DOCTOR named Hogan came home late one night, very tired, and said to his wife:

“Mary, I am very tired to-night. I had no sleep last night and have been at it hard all day. I’m going to bed, and don’t want to be disturbed by any one.”

“Very well, Patrick, I’ll not waken you.”

About an hour after the doctor had gone to bed, Gilligan, a very dear friend of Hogan’s, called. He seemed to be very sick and was naturally very anxious to see the doctor. Mrs. Hogan didn’t know what to do. She remembered

IRISH AND SCOTCH

what her husband had said, but she really thought that he would want to attend to his dear friend Gilligan. So she woke him up. Hogan came down half asleep. Gilligan explained that he had a pain in his heart.

"All right," said Hogan, "you lie down on the couch and I'll put my head on your chest and see how your heart is beating. While I'm listening I want you to count one, two, three, four and so on."

Some time later Mrs. Hogan ventured into the room and found her husband sound asleep on Gilligan's chest with Gilligan counting "nine thousand, nine hundred and tin, nine thousand, nine hundred and eleven."

TWINS BOTTLE-RAISED

AN Irish physician, while enjoying a holiday in the country, took the opportunity along with a friend to go fishing.

During operations the physician's sinker came off and was lost. Here was a dilemma — no sinker, no more fishing that day. Happy thought; he had a bottle in his pocket. The bottle was filled with water, carefully corked and sent down on its mission.

After a few minutes' interval the doctor had a bite and pulled on his line at racing speed, finding a fine pair of fish, one on each hook. "Ha, doctor, twins this time," exclaimed his companion.

"Yes," quoth the physician, "and brought up on the bottle, too."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

PRETTY TALL

PAT had gone back home to Ireland and was telling about New York.

"Have they such tall buildings in America as they say, Pat?" asked the parish priest.

"Tall buildings ye ask, sur?" replied Pat. "Faith, sur, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass."

DIPLOMACY

DOWN on the West Side there's a 'longshore saloon where they set up a huge schooner for five cents. When six o'clock blows the place is thronged by the thirsty, fortifying themselves for the long walk home.

One night a huge Irishman in a red flannel shirt, open at his brawny chest and rolled up over swelling biceps, stood in the crowd and tapped his nickel on the bar. Just as the barkeeper set out the schooner the swing-door burst open and a little Irishman rushed in, flung his coat on the floor, threw his hat beside it, and jumping on them, yelled in a high voice quivering with rage:

"Which one of yez beat up poor Pat Murphy?"

The big Irishman in the red shirt tapped his chest. "'Twas me!" he bellowed hoarsely.

The little Irishman whirled round. "Gee!" he piped. "Ye did him up foine."

HE MIGHT

TWO Irishmen were watching the events at a field-meet. When one of the athletes jumped some twenty-one feet in the broad jump, Pat remarked to Mike, "Mike, that was a purty good jump."

"Yes," says Mike, "it was, but nothing like what we had back on the Ould Sod."

"Sure," says Pat, "and they never had anything to equal that jump."

"Yes," says Mike, "and they did. One day I saw a man jump twenty-three feet — backwards — up a hill — agin a strong wind."

"Mike, Mike, phwat are ye givin' us? No man ever did that."

"Sure and he did. Didn't I see it with me own eyes?"

"Well, and if ye did, who might that man be?"

"Sure, and it was your own cousin, Dinnis O'Shea."

"... Me own Cousin Dinnis, eh? Well — well, *he* might."

A REAL FORTUNE TELLER

O'BRIEN and Kerrigan went to get their fortunes told. While they were sitting in the ante-room, waiting for the mysterious lady, Kerrigan spied a bottle of whiskey in the cupboard.

Kerrigan tiptoed over and took a swig. O'Brien tiptoed

and did the same. They kept tiptoeing until, between them, they drained the bottle.

When the fortune teller appeared, O'Brien and Kerrigan were seeing double. The woman looked at them, and then at the cupboard and saw that the whiskey had disappeared.

She faced Kerrigan and said:

"Did you drink that liquor?"

"No, mum," said Kerrigan.

"Did you drink that liquor?" she asked of O'Brien.

"Not me," said O'Brien.

"Well, SOME ONE did," said the lady.

Kerrigan got up and, walking unsteadily over to O'Brien, said:

"Come on, O'Brien; let's get out of here — she's no fortune teller."

DESCRIBED

MIKEY DOYLE went on a fishing trip on the lake, and when his boat hit a hidden rock he was bumped overboard and drowned. A searching party, led by O'Brien, repaired to the Doyle home to break the news to Mrs. Doyle, and O'Brien said:

"Oi didn't know yer Doyle. Was there any marks or peculiar things about him, mum, that we can identify him by?"

"Yis, Mr. O'Brien; there was," answered Mrs. Doyle.

"What were they?" asked O'Brien.

"He was a little deaf," said Mrs. Doyle, tearfully.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

TOOK BOTH SIDES!

A REMARKABLE brief and effective summing up was once quoted by Lord James in an afternoon speech.

It was delivered by an Irish judge trying a man for pig stealing. The evidence of his guilt was conclusive, but the prisoner insisted on calling a number of witnesses, who testified most emphatically to his general good character.

After hearing their evidence and the counsel's speeches the judge remarked: "Gentlemen of the jury, I think that the only conclusion you can arrive at is that the pig was stolen by the prisoner, and that he is the most amiable man in the country."

WOMAN'S WIT

AN old Irish woman who kept a fruit stall had some melons given to her, which she exposed for sale. A smart Yankee wishing to take a rise out of the old lady, took up one of the melons and said:

"These are small apples you grow over here. In America we have them twice the size."

The woman slowly removed the pipe she was smoking from between her lips, and in a tone of pity exclaimed:

"Be jabbers, sorr, ye must be a stranger in Ireland, and know very little about the fruit uv our country, when ye can't tell apples from gooseberries!"

REVENGE

“YOU know that fellow, Jim McGroiarty, the lad that’s always comin’ up and thumpin’ ye on the chest and yellin’, ‘How are ye?’”

“I know him.”

“I’ll bet he’s smashed twinty cigars for me — some of them clear Havanny — but I’ll get even with him now.”

“How will you do it?”

“I’ll tell ye. Jim always hits me over the vest pocket where I carry my cigars. He’ll hit me just once more. There’s no cigar in me vest pocket this mornin’. Instead of it, there’s a stick of dynamite, d’ye mind!”

COULDN’T FOOL O’BRIEN

ONE Sunday morning a clergyman announced to his congregation that the church needed coal for the Winter and that forty dollars was the amount needed. Mr. Kenny went around with the collection basket, and reached into a pew where a little Irishman named O’Brien sat. O’Brien smiled, shoved aside the basket, and whispered with a smile:

“I’m on, get the money.”

When the collection was counted it was eight dollars short. The clergyman said he would take up another collection himself to get the necessary eight. When he reached O’Brien’s pew the latter again whispered:

"I'm wise, but I hope you get the dough."

After the service the clergyman called upon O'Brien for an explanation.

"Well," says O'Brien, "I had to laugh when you said you wanted forty dollars for coal to heat your church — and I knew all the time that you heat it by steam."

MIKE WAS SAFE

MICHAEL DUGAN, a journeyman plumber, was sent by his employer to the Hightower mansion to repair a gas leak in the drawing room. When the butler admitted him, he said to Dugan:

"You are requested to be careful of the floors. They have just been polished."

"They's no danger iv me slippin' on thim," replied Dugan. "I hov spikes in me shoes."

NOT DEEP ENOUGH

PAT was hard at work digging a post-hole when the boss strolled by. "Well, Pat," said he, noting the progress of the work, "do you think you will be able to get all that dirt back into the hole again?"

Pat looked doubtfully at the pile of dirt, and then at the hole, scratched the back of his head, and after some thought said: "No, sor, sure I don't think I've dug th' hole deep enough."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

A SUBSTITUTE

BARRY SULLIVAN, the tragedian, was playing in "Richard III." at Shrewsbury on one occasion. When the actor came to the lines, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some one in the pit called out:

"Wouldn't a donkey do, Mr. Sullivan?"

"Yes," responded the tragedian, turning quickly on the interrupter. "Please come round to the stage door."

A NEW DISH

A YOUNG workman recently applied to an elderly contractor of Celtic ancestry for a position. He demanded so much a week and his board, or so much a week and he would board himself. "Well, me bye," was the contractor's offer, "I'll give you ten dollars a week and ate you, or fifteen dollars a week and let you ate yerself."

SOME ONE WRONG

KERRIGAN and O'Brien sat down to play a little poker. In the middle of the game, when Kerrigan had just raked in a nice big pot, O'Brien jumped up and slammed his cards on the table, yelling:

"Mr. Kerrigan, this game isn't on the livil!"

"And why not?" asked Kerrigan.

"Because THAT ain't the hand Oi dealt ye," said O'Brien wrathfully.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

RESPECT FOR THE DEAD

A BIG Yorkshireman had come all the way to London to see the British Museum. Unfortunately, it was a day when the museum was closed. The indignant Yorkshireman refused to take no for an answer from the policeman at the gate. "Ain't this public property?" he cried.

"Yes," admitted the policeman; "but," he added, struck by a bright idea, "one of the mummies died on Tuesday, and do you begrudge us one day to bury him in?"

"Oh, excuse me," said the Yorkshireman in a hushed voice. "In that case I won't intrude."

NOT FOR SALE

AN American tourist stopped at an inn in Connemara, and asked the boots to get him something to eat.

"What would you like?" said the boots. "Waal," said the American, "I should like one of your real Irish steaks, about an inch and a half thick, with fried potatoes and onions."

The boots stared and then went off with the order. He came back in a minute or two and the American said to him:

"Waal, what of that steak?"

The youth, with a kind of yearning look in his eyes, replied: "Father says that bedad if he had a steak like that he would ate it himself, he would!"

MAKING A REASON

TERENCE O'GRADY had only been married a week, but his bride was already making things lively in the little house at Ballybunion. He had been working for three hours in his small garden when Bridget came to the back door and called out in strident tones:

"Terence, me bhoy, come in to tay, toast and foive eggs." Terence dropped his spade in astonishment and ran into the kitchen.

"Sure Bridget, allanah, ye're only coddin' me," he said.

"Nay, Terence," replied Bridget, "it's not ye; it's the naybors Oi'm coddin'."

UNBELIEVABLE

THE captain noticed that Pat was fatigued. Thinking that a small drop of whiskey might do him good, the captain said, "Pat, will you have a wee sip of whiskey?"

Pat folded his arms and gazed upward. The captain repeated the question several times, but no answer. Finally the captain, taking him by the shoulder and giving him a vigorous shake, said, "Pat, why don't you answer? I said, 'Pat, will you have a drink of whiskey?'"

After looking around in considerable astonishment Pat replied: "And is it yez, captain? Begorra and I thought it was an angel spakin' to me."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

ON HIS JOB

AN Irishman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a druggist's to buy one. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked how much it was.

"Well," said the clerk, "if you want the empty bottle it'll be one cent, but if you have anything put in it we don't charge anything for it."

"Shure, that's fair enough," observed the Irishman; "put in a cork."

GENEROSITY

A SCOTSMAN brought his entire family of seven to visit a relative in London. They were entertained in a manner that left nothing to be asked for two weeks; theatres, suppers, cab rides about the city, excursions into the country. The whole time McPherson never put his hand in his pocket to pay for a thing.

When the family was going home, the Londoner and his cousin went into the buffet for a final glass. From force of habit he groped for his wallet; but Sandy gripped his arm.

"Na, na!" said he. "Ye've been verra gude ta me an' mine this fortnight past. Mon, we'll hae a toss for this lasht wee nipple!"

IRISH AND SCOTCH

AN UNFAIR DECISION

THE old Scotchman had been haled before a bench of magistrates to show cause why he hadn't taken out a license for a pet terrier.

"Whoy, he's nobbut a puppy!" he exclaimed in defence.

"Yes, yes; so you say," said the clerk. "But how old is he?"

"Eh? I couldn't tell to a bit," was the reply. "I never was much good at dates; but 'e's nobbut a puppy."

On the other hand, evidence proved that the dog was long past puppyhood, and the bench inflicted the usual fine.

Talking it over afterwards, the farmer exclaimed:

"'Ang me if I can un'erstand it! Last year, an' the year afore that, I told t'same tale about t'same dog, an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's bin meddlin' wi' t'law sin' last year?"

SUSPICIOUS

AN old Scotch lady was compelled to carry an ear-trumpet with her wherever she went. Upon visiting a small church in Scotland, not long ago, she was watched very suspiciously by the sexton until she reached her seat. Then, as if he could stand the suspicion no longer, he went over to her, and, shaking a warning finger emphatically, he said, "Madam — one toot, and you're oot."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

SHE LEFT HER FEET BEHIND

A GOOD old Scotch minister, calling unexpectedly on a widow who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind a clothes-horse and told her little boy to say that she was out.

The visitor knocked at the door. "Well, Jamie," he said, "and where is your mother?"

"My mother's not in; she's down street on a message," promptly replied the lad.

"Indeed," replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen. "Well, tell her I called; and say that the next time she goes down to the village she should take her feet with her!"

TOO HEARTY THANKS

McCLUSKY was the manager of a large warehouse in Glasgow, and he was intensely disliked. One morning he announced that he had received a handsome offer from an English firm, and he had decided to give up his Glasgow job. His fellow employees collected a purse of sovereigns and presented it to him as a thank offering.

"Weel, weel," said McClusky, as he took the purse, "this beats a'. I niver thocht ye liket me sae weel. But noo that I see ye're sae sorry tae lose me, I think I'll nae gang awa, but jist stop whaur I am."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

KNEW HIS BUSINESS

NOT long ago in Scotland the Duchess of Roxburghe was asking one of her gillies about a favorite collie dog which she learned he had sold.

"Why did you sell him, Donald?" said she. "I hear you refused fifty pounds from an American gentleman, and then sold him for ten pounds to some one from Aberdeen. Why?"

The answer came pat enough:

"Weel, your grace, it was this way. I kenned well that Jock would find his way back to me from Aberdeen, but I didna think he'd be able to swim the Atlantic."

LONG - DISTANCE COURTSHIP

A LADY was one day approached by her Scotch maid with the information that she was about to leave.

"What is the reason for your leaving me?"

"I think I'll be a-marryin'."

"Indeed! And whom, may I ask?"

"The man that sits across in the kirk o' Sundays."

"But what is his name?"

"I dinna ken."

"What! You're surely not engaged to a man whose name you do not know?"

"Not engaged, my lady; but he's been lang lookin' at me, an' I think he'll soon be speakin'."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

"GOOD NIGHT" IN ADVANCE

MR. MAC TAVISH attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the several capacities of the guests. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell.

"But, Sandy, mon," objected the host, "ye're not goin' yet with the evenin' just started?"

"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish, "I'm no' going yet, but I'm tellin' ye good night while I know ye."

A GOLD MINE

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has a keen sense of humor, and tells a good story about a Scotchman who went to a horse race for the first time in his life.

I ought to say that he told it to a company of guests on the Shamrock III. one evening when he was lamenting the long odds against his ever winning the America's cup because of the hard rules imposed.

"Well," said Sir Thomas, "this Scotchman was a feeble-minded old man, and his companions who took him to the race meeting presently persuaded him to stake a sixpence in the third race on a 40 to 1 shot.

"By some amazing miracle this outsider won.

"When the bookmaker gave old Sandy a golden sovereign and his sixpence, the winner could not believe his eyes.

“ ‘Do you mean to tell me,’ he said, ‘that I get all this for my saxpence?’ ”

“ ‘You do,’ said the bookmaker.

“ ‘Ma conscience!’ muttered Sandy. ‘Tell me, mon, how long has this been going on?’ ”

WILLING TO TRY

ON a large estate in the Scottish highlands it was the custom of a piper to play in front of the house every week day morning to awaken the residents.

After an over-convivial Saturday night, however, the piper forgot the day and began the usual morning reveille. The angry master shouted to him from the bedroom window: “Here, Sandy, do you not know the Fourth Commandment?” And the piper sturdily replied: “Nae, sir, but if ye’ll — hic — whistle it I’ll — hic — try it, sir.”

PLENTY OF TIME

THE minister of a certain parish in Scotland was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape, and he began to shout for help. A laborer passing heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the laborer remarked, “Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You’ll no be needed afore Sawbath, an’ this is only Wednesday night.”

IRISH AND SCOTCH

NOTHING LACKING

A HIGHLAND minister, who was rather a pompous gentleman, came to a shepherd's house to baptize a child.

"Are you prepared?" he asked the fond parent.

"Ou ay, munnister; I have got a grand ham for tea."

"I mean spiritually prepared," thundered the cleric.

"Af coorse I am; oh, yes. I got twa bottles o' first-class whiskey from the inn," replied the imperturbable Celt.

HE WOULD

FERGUS MACPHERSON was Scotch. He was attacked one night by robbers in a narrow by-way. With three thugs against him, he was overcome only after a terrific struggle. They found he had only a single copper coin; for it MacPherson had fought as for his life. "A close shave for us," said one of the thugs. "If he'd had a sixpence, he'd have killed all three of us!"

HE NEVER DID THAT

A SCOTCH minister had been away on a vacation, and on his return asked the sexton how all had gone in his absence. "Very well, indeed," was the cheering response. "They do say that most meenisters leave some one worse than themselves to fill the pulpit when they go away — but you never do that, sir."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

CAUSE AND EFFECT

A STAUNCH teetotaller and an enthusiastic fisherman had a good stretch of the Dee to fish in, and engaged the services of an experienced boatman. But night after night he came back with empty creel, and at length departed in disgust. When he was gone the boatman was approached and asked how it was that a fairly expert fisherman had such a run of ill-luck. "A weel," said the man, "he had nae whuskie, and I took him where there was nae fush."

A STRONG "UN "

AT a Scotch christening the godmother had difficulty in removing the child's head covering, and the minister, wishing to help her, asked the father if he could hold the child.

"Hold him!" exclaimed the father, expanding his chest. "Hold him? Man, I could fling him richt ower the kirk!"

QUITE EFFECTIVE

A GAUNT and kilted Scotsman recently made his appearance in a country village, and was endeavoring to charm the locals to charity with selections on his bagpipes.

A shaggy-haired man opened the front door of a house and beckoned the minstrel.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

"Gie us a wee bit lilt just oot there," he said, in an accent which told that he also was from the land of the haggis. "My ould mither's in a creetical condeetion oop-staor. The doctor's wi' her the noo, and says the pipes may save her life."

Presently the shaggy-haired man came out again.

"Gie us the 'Dead March' noo," he said.

"Is the puir auld lady gone?" questioned the piper.

"Na, na, mon; ye've saved mither," came the reply; "but you've killed the puir doctor."

A USEFUL WIFE

DONALD McDONALD had married a woman with a wooden leg. Needless to say all Hoots Ava was amazed, for Donald McDonald was a man with an eye to the main chance, and it always had been conjectured that when he did marry he would marry a good, strong woman, who could work well in the fields, draw the cart if need be, and so forth.

"Losh, mon," whispered Sandy, meeting McDonald one day on the road, "why did you do it? Was ye in love?"

"Love be blethered," returned McDonald. "It's mebbe no' a verry bonnie thing to marry a woman wi' a wooden leg, but, mon, she'll be awful handy at settin' time when I'm puttin' doon my cabbages an' tatties. She can just gang on in front an' mak' a hole wi' her stump, while I follow ahint an' pit in the seed."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

SELLIN' A SHEEP

TWO Highland farmers met on their way to church. "Man," said Donald, "I was wonderin' what you will be askin' for yon bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I was thinkin' I wad be wantin' fifty shullin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald; "but, och, man, Dougal, I am awfu' surprised at you doin' business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for fifty shullin's is not business at all; it's just charity!"

WHY HE WAS SERIOUS

THEY sat each at an extreme end of the horsehair sofa. They had been coortin' now for something like two years, but the wide gap between had always been respectfully preserved.

"A penny for your thochts, Sandy," murmured Maggie, after a silence of an hour and a half.

"Weel," replied Sandy slowly, with surprising boldness, "tae tell ye the truth, I was jist thinkin' how fine it wad be if ye were tae gie me a wee bit kissie."

"I've nae objection," simpered Maggie, slithering over, and kissed him plumply on the tip of his left ear.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

Then she slithered back.

Sandy relapsed into a brown study once more, and the clock ticked twenty-seven minutes.

"An' what are ye thinkin' about noo — anither, eh?"

"Nae, nae, lassie; it's mair serious the noo."

"Is it, laddie?" asked Maggie softly. Her heart was going pit-a-pat with expectation. "An' what micht it be?"

"I was jist thinkin'," answered Sandy, "that it was about time ye were paying me that penny!"

NOT PAID FOR

ANDY McTAVISH was "no feelin' juist weel," so he went to the doctor and stated his complaints.

"What do you drink?" demanded the medico.

"Whusky."

"How much?"

"Maybe a bottle a day."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Two ounces a day."

"Well, you give up whiskey and tobacco altogether."

Andy took up his cap and in three steps reached the door.

"Andy," called the doctor, "you have not paid for my advice!"

"Ahm no' takkin' it," snapped Andy, as he shut the door behind him.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

A FUTURE ARRANGEMENT

"**I** CANNA leave ye thus, Nancy," a good old Scotchman wailed. "Ye're too auld to work, an' ye couldna' live in the almshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in ycr auld age."

"Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse, "I could na' wed anither man, for what wad I do wi' twa husbands in heaven?"

Andy pondered long over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

"I hae it, Nancy," he cried. "Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, but he is na' a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him, 'twill be all the same in heaven — John's na' Christian."

CONSCIENTIOUS

AN enterprising commercial traveler attempted to bribe a country merchant in Scotland with a box of cigars.

"Na, na," said the merchant, shaking his head gravely, "I canna tak' 'em; I naer dae business tha way."

"Nonsense," said the drummer, "but if you have any conscientious scruples you may pay me a shilling for the box."

"Weel, weel," said the honest shopkeeper, "I'll take two boxes."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

THE ACME OF COURTESY

GLASGOW invitations are nothing if not hearty. Two friends met after a fairly long separation. "Man, Tam," says one, "whaur in a' the airth hae ye been hidin' yersel'? I havena seen ye for an age." "Weel, Jeems, I've been doon Gourrock way a guid while. 'Come doon an' see me sune. I've got a set of good boxing gloves, an' if ye come doon any day I'll knock the face aff ye."

A SCOTTISH "BULL"

"**D**RUNK again?" said a Scottish magistrate to the prisoner before him. "Five shillings or seven days."

"Och, shure," said the prisoner, who was an Irishwoman, "I have only two shillings in the world."

"Ah, weel," returned the bailie, "ye maun jist gang to prison. If ye hadna got drunk wi' you money, ye wad hae had quite enough to pay the fine."

A REASON

AN Irish traveling merchant, *alias* a peddler, asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, sir." "In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence apace." "Why don't you remain in your own dear country, then?" "Case we have no sixpences, my jewel," said Pat.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

MRS. MURPHY'S SARCASM

"**M**RS. MOORPHY, ye certainly are no lady. The way yez jumped into my b'y Dinny an' all fur just hollerin' 'Rats!' shows to me moind that you are a dangerous character."

"Be aisy wid yer tongue there, Mrs. Riordan. Oi'm nathrally as peaceful as a goat, but don't you say another worrud av an oncomplimentary nature. It's bad enough to have to own yez for a neighbor, so it is, widout havin' to shtand an' be talked to by yez."

"Never you moind that. It's an honor ye don't deserve. An' Oi'm thinkin' very seriously of puttin' the police on to your thrack."

"Well as for that, Mrs. Riordan, I niver had any dalin's wid the police, but av I wanted an introduction to 'em I don't know av any wan that would be better qualified by long acquaintance to give it than your own self, Mrs. Riordan. Good day till yez."

MISTAKEN

AN Irish lawyer having addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "yer honors," after he had concluded a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose and apologized thus: "May it plase the coort, in the hate of the debate I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

FOLLOWING ORDERS

AN Irish laborer, having bought a pair of shoes, was told by the shoemaker that the only way to prevent them going down on the sides was to change them every morning. Next day Pat walked in, tried on another pair and was about to depart, when the shoemaker asked him what he was doing, reminding him he had not paid for the shoes he had just put on. "An' is it phwat am I doing, you ask? Am I not doing what you told me yesterday — changing my shoes every morning?"

SELFISH

WIFE — "Ah, Pat, I wish I was in heaven."

Husband — "I wish I was in Flagan's tavern."

Wife — "Yes, you greedy thing, you always want to be in the best place."

SOCIALISM

MICHAEL O'SHAUNNESSEY — "Share all money equally, that's what I say."

Wife — "And phwat would you do wid your share?"

"Spind it loike a brick, ye ould fool."

"An' phwat would you do thin?"

"Share it all over agin, av coorse; hand me down that pipe."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

RELIGIOUS

PAT (with two companions, fearing their boat would swamp during a storm) — “Can you pray?”

Companions (together) — “No.”

Pat — “Can you sing?”

“No.”

“Thin Oi’ll pass around the hat, for we must do something religious.”

BEING PERLITE

PATRICK was an employee in a grocery without experience. One day the grocer, in weighing out a purchase to a customer, searched in vain about the scales for something.

“Patrick!” he called out, “where is the pound weight?”

“The pound weight is it? Sure it’s Misther Jones that has the pound weight.”

“Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean?”

“An’ sure, didn’t ye till me to be perlite to the rigular customers?”

“Of course.”

“Well, thin! Misther Jones comes in the day for a pound o’ tay. An’ says he, whin I axed him what quality o’ tay he wud have: ‘Whatever ye give me,’ says he, ‘give me the weight!’ So I putt in the pound weight in the package wid the tay, perlite-like, an’ it’s himself that’s gone wid it!”

IRISH AND SCOTCH

EXCUSABLE

THE scenes witnessed in our courts, just prior to the annual elections, when the rush to obtain the rights of citizenship is at its height, are often ludicrous. A very funny instance of this kind is the one that occurred before Judge Brady of New York.

"How long, Patrick, have you been in this country?"

"Six years, y'r honor."

"Where did you land?"

"In New York, sir."

"Have you ever been out of the United States since you landed six years ago?"

"Never, but once y'r honor."

"And where did you go then?"

"To New Jersey, y'r honor."

The Judge joined heartily in the explosion that followed, but he gave the Irishman his papers.

INVIED HIM

MASTER — "Pat, I have a suspicion that either you or I was drunk last night."

Pat — "Oi've a suspicion av that koind mesilf, sor."

Master — "Well, you rascal, which one of us was it?"

Pat — "Well, sor, Oi'll not be castin' any reflections, but Oi do be sayin' thot Oi invied ye."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

BRAINLESS

A BISHOP was traveling along and encountered an old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of a shaft. It was his work to do this all day long. His hat was off and the sun was pouring down on his unprotected head.

"Don't you know the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said the good man.

The Irishman wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked at the clergyman. "Do ye think I'd be doin' this all day if I had any brains?" he said, and gave the handle another turn.

HE KNEW

LAWYER — "Do you know the reputation of Mrs. Riley for truth and veracity?"

Witness — "Wall, squire, I guess she'll tell the truth; but about her veracity — well, now, some say she would and some say she wouldn't."

PROBABLY

JUDGE. — "What's your occupation?"

Mike. — "I'm a sailor."

Judge. — "You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you were ever on a ship."

Mike. — "Do you think I came from Ireland in a hack?"

IRISH AND SCOTCH

RIGHT

AS two Irishmen were passing along the street they noticed a sign with gilt letters near the roof of a building, which said I. O. O. F. — I. O. O. F. Pat asked: "Mike, phwat does thim letthers mane?"

Mike — "I suppose it's the height av the buildin', 100 fate."

NO SENSE

IRISH WOMAN — "Oi'm afther axin' ye fur a ticket till Ashland, sorr."

Agent — "Do you want an excursion ticket?"

"Phwat soort av a ticket is that, shure?"

"That's a ticket which will take you there and back again."

"Hut! Phwat's the since av me payin' to go there an' back here agin, whin Oi'm here alriddy?"

WHAT HE WANTED

ALATELY landed Hibernian with two ladies entered an ice-cream parlor. Being asked by the waiter what flavors they would like, one lady said lemon, the other strawberry. The Hibernian said: "Ye can have limons ar' strawberries, if yez want thim, but Oi want ice crame."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

WOKE UP

AN Irishman had a dream which taught him the danger of delay.

“ I dreamed,” said he, “ I was wid the Pope, who was as great a jintleman as any one in this district, an’ he axed me wad I drink. Thinks I, wad a duck swim, and seein’ the whiskey an’ the lemon an’ sugar an the sideboard, I told him I didn’t care if I tuk a wee dhrap of punch. Cowld or hot, axed the Pope. Hot, your Holiness, I replied, an’ be that he stepped down to the kitchen for the bilin’ water, but before he got back, I woke straight up, and now it’s distressin’ me I didn’t take it cowl’d.”

A STRANGER

TWO odd Scots were going home one night after a convivial session at a public house. The affair was in the traditional manner as immortalized by Bobby Burns.

Fearing trouble ahead as the light in the distant cottage window became apparent, Sandy said to Donald:

“ Donald, I’ll walk ahead of ye, and ye tell if I’m walkin’ stret anecht.”

Donald watched Sandy carefully, and then remarked:

“ Sandy, mon, ye’re walkin’ fine; but who’s that drunken loafer with ye? ”

IRISH AND SCOTCH

JOYS OF THE MARRIED

MAYOR FITZGERALD of Boston has a story of an Irish couple in that city, who, despite a comparatively happy married life, were wont to have violent misunderstandings. Nevertheless, the pair were devoted to each other, and when the husband died not long ago the widow was inconsolable.

Shortly after the funeral a friend who had dropped in to see how Mrs. Milligan was getting on chanced to remark:

"Well, there's one blessing, Maggie; for they do say that poor Mike died happy."

"Indade he did," responded the widow. "The dear lad! The lasht thing he done was to crack me over the head with a medicine bottle."

FAIR PLAY

CURRAN, who was a very small man, having a dispute with a brother counsel (who was a very stout man), in which words ran high on both sides, called him out. The other, however, objected. "You are so little," said he, "that I might fire at you a dozen times without hitting, whereas, the chance is that you may shoot me at the first fire."

"To convince you," cried Curran, "I don't wish to take any advantage, you shall chalk my size upon your body, and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

WORKING HIS WAY

“**A** TWOPENNY loaf,” said an Irishman. The loaf was placed before him. As if suddenly changing his mind, he declared he should prefer twopenn’orth of whisky instead. This he drank off, and, pushing the loaf towards the shopkeeper, was departing, when demand of payment was made for the whisky. “Sure, and haven’t I given you the loaf for the whisky?” “Well, but you did not pay for the loaf, you know?” “Thru, and why should I? Don’t you see I didn’t take the loaf, man alive?” And away he quietly walked, leaving the worthy dealer lost in a brown study.

BEST HE COULD

“**H**AVE you had a job to-day, Jim?” inquired a lawyer of a dragoon.

“Bedad, I did, sor.”

“How many?”

“Only two, sor.”

“How much did you get for both?”

“Sivinty cints, sor.”

“Seventy cents! How do you expect to live and keep a horse on seventy cents a day?”

“Some days I have a dozen jobs, sor. But bizness has been dull to-day, sor. Only the hauling of a thrunk for

IRISH AND SCOTCH

a gintlemin for forty cints, an' a load av furniture for thirty cints; a big load, sor."

"Do you carry big loads of household goods for thirty cents?"

"She was a poor widdy, sor, an' had no more to give me. I took all she had, sor; an' bedad, sor, a lyer could have done no better nor that, sor."

RUSHING

AN Irishman was painting a house and working with great rapidity. Some one asked him why he was in such a rush. "I'm trying to get through," the Irishman replied, "before the paint gives out."

A GOOD TEST

AN Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him, "An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead — you're after wakin' up ivery time?" "Bring me a glass o' grog, and say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jemmy;' and if I don't raise up and drink, then bury me."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

AND AGAIN

MAYOR FITZGERALD had occasion to stop at a country hotel in Connecticut. In a conspicuous place in the parlor was an inscription: "Ici on parle Francais."

The mayor turned to the proprietor and said: "Do you speak French?"

"Not me," the man replied. "United States is good enough for me."

"Well, then," said the mayor, "why do you have that inscription on the wall? That means, French is spoken here."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the hotel keeper. "Well I'll be ——! A young chap sold me that for 'God bless you.'"

BOUND TO GET THERE

TWO Irishmen went out skating not long since, and one took a bottle of whiskey with him as a sort of "heart warmer." When they decided to "hit the bottle" they found the cork was very tight and impossible to get out without a corkscrew.

"Can't yez get it out, Moike?" said Pat, after a few minutes of hard work by Moike with the cork.

"Yis, begob," said Mike, "I'll git it out, shure, if Oi have to push it in."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

RIGHT AGAIN

CALLER — “Your master’s not at home, eh, Pat?”

Pat — “No, sor; he do be in the ould counthry these t’ree wakes, sor.”

“Excuse me, Pat, but how is it that when your mistress is on this side of the water your master’s on the other, and vice versa? Is there any trouble between them?”

“None at all, sor; only they agrade bechune ’em that they can live together better whin they’re apart.”

A CURE

THINKING to have a joke at the expense of his neighbor who was suffering with a toothache, Finerty said to him: “Pat, what ails ye? Has a kissing bug been making love to ye, or do ye be cultivating cheek to strike a job on the police?”

“No, Finerty, I has a terrible toothache; it has me that crazy I don’t know whether I’m a steam pump or a jumping-jack.”

“Why don’t you do what I do when I have toothache.”

“What’s that?”

“I go home to me wife; she puts her arms around me neck, kisses and hugs me, smooths me forehid, and I forget all about it. Why don’t ye try it?”

“I will, Finerty. Is your wife home now?”

IRISH AND SCOTCH

COMPLIMENTARY?

I WAS going round the links one afternoon and making a dreadful exhibition of myself. I did not, however, know that my caddie was fully aware of this, as he seemed so blissfully unconscious that anything was wrong. He was a nice, freckled little Irishman, and I took quite a fancy to him, especially as never a hint came from him that I was doing badly. At the end of the round, in the hope of a "jolly" from the lad, I ventured to observe:

"I've been traveling for the last two months, and I'm dreadfully out of practice. That's why I'm in such bad form to-day."

To which the caddie calmly replied, "Oh, then, ye've played before, sir!"

CHEAP LUNCH

A MAN was sitting in a restaurant eating oysters. In came an Irishman and said: "Oi'll bet a dime thot Oi con eat oysters faster then yez con open thim."

"Done!" said the shell cracker.

At the end of an hour the man had opened seventy-five oysters, but the Irishman had only been able to eat sixty-five.

Getting up with difficulty, the Irishman said, "Yez win," laid down a dime and walked out.

IRISH AND SCOTCH

AN EXCUSE

AN Irishman was arrested for killing a man at a Donnybrook fair by cracking him over the head with a shillalah. At the trial it was shown that the victim possessed quite a thin skull. The Irishman was convicted and being asked if he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, replied, "No, yer honor, but was that a skull for a man to go to a fair with?"

FROM MISSOURI

SOME years ago an Irishman was arrested and brought before a Judge upon the charge of assault and battery. He listened very attentively while the indictment was being read, and when that was ended, was asked if he demanded a trial.

Pat, putting his hand to his ear, and leaning forward in utter ignorance of what had been asked him, said:

"What's that?"

The question was repeated, and his reply was, "The divil a thrial I want. Ye needn't give yourself the trouble of thryin' me; you may as well save the expense of that and put me down innocent. Content am I to lave this wid my blessin' on ye indade. I'm anxious, for me boss is waitin' for me beyant. Oh, no, no, the divil a thrial I want at all, at all."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

When the laughter in the court-room subsided, the question was changed and the prisoner asked:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" "What's that?" he said, leaning forward again with his hand to his ear, as if he hadn't heard the question.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" said the Judge.

"Arrah, now, your honor, how the divil can I tell till I hear the evidence?"

GOOD WORK

"**W**HY, Bridget," exclaimed the housewife, "I can write my name in the dust here."

"'Deed, ma'am," replied Bridget, admiringly, "thot's more nor I can do. There's nothin' loike education after all, is there, ma'am?"

MIXED

A DOMESTIC newly engaged presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, Patrick, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down-stairs are in the same fix."

IRISH AND SCOTCH

CHANGED

AN Irishman, who had a most unfortunately ugly countenance, was complaining one day to his acquaintance of the hardness of his lot.

“Well,” said one of his friends, “you certainly have a very peculiar face — how did you come by it?”

“Why, I’ll tell you how it was. When I was first born, I was the swatest little creature you ever saw, but my mother put me out to nurse, and, do you know, the decateful ould wretch of a woman changed me for another.”

USELESS SPENDING

NO man in America has a greater fund of characteristic Scotch stories than Andrew Carnegie.

He tells with great glee of the return home from a visit to Glasgow of a Skibo famous son. In telling of his trip, he said:

“Aye, mither, an’ I bocht a barometer — it tells ye when it’s gaun tae rain, ye ken.”

“Weel, that’s what I ca’ uncalled-for extravagance,” sighed the good dame. “What dae ye imagine a mairciful Providence gaed yer faither the rheumateesm for?”

IRISH AND SCOTCH

HE KNEW

AN Irish hostler, being sent to the stable to bring a traveler's horse, saddled two. The traveler pointed to his own, saying: "That's my nag."

"Certainly, yer honor; I know that, but I didn't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."

UNPLEASANT

PATRICK MURPHY was conspicuous for a very homely face. He used to say that it seemed like "an offence to the landscape," a conclusion in which his acquaintances fully concurred; and he was as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him and said: "And how are ye, Pat?" "Mighty bad," was the reply. "It is shlarvation that is starin' me in the face." "If that is so," said his neighbor, "sure and it can't be very pleasant for aither of ye!"



P9-AAT-126

